

TRAIL RIDERS



No. 99
JANUARY
1957

Cameron Cartoons

● In this edition of "Trail Riders" Magazine, we take pleasure in presenting the fifth of a series of 10 cartoons by Calgary-born Stewart Cameron dealing with the lighter aspects of a pack trip in the Canadian Rockies. First two of the series appeared in the December edition of 1955.

The cartoon reproduced in this issue, along with those to follow, should bring many a chuckle to our members, most of whom have found themselves in the predicaments touched upon by the cartoonist. All depict the observations and experiences of Mr. Cameron himself, of dudes and pack outfits, during his many years of packing in the mountains.

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● This is one of a set of ten cartoons by Stewart Cameron, entitled "Pack Horse in the Rockies" — average size: $8\frac{3}{4} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$. The complete set can be obtained by writing — Cameron Cartoons (No. 3), Box 388, Calgary, Alta. (Price: \$1.00 per set, by cheque, money order, or cash).



TIME OUT FOR FISHING!

It's the Panther River For This Year's Ride

HERE IT is, Trail Riders—the big news you've been waiting for since you hung up your saddle! Where do we camp this summer? Answer: In a nice sunny meadow, close to a spring—a *hot* sulphur spring—away up the Panther River north of Banff.

News to this effect has just reached the Editor from our popular veep, Tillie Knight, who had been in a huddle with Herb Ashley, assistant superintendent of Banff National Park, and formerly chief warden; Claude and Bud Brewster, of Kananaskis Dude Ranch, and Jerry Campbell, now of the Warden Service, and formerly one of Bud's top guides and packers.

The word "Panther" may be a scary one if heard by itself. But when you add a touch of river, it paints an entirely different picture—a glamorous one in the eyes of the trail rider! It will also produce a nostalgic thrill for many of our hardy perennials. It was back in 1946 when the Trail Riders camped in the same region. The campsite that year was in a sheltered spot, paradoxically named Windy Gap.

Windy Camp Trailhead

This same Windy Camp—now accessible by the Cuthead Road—will be the trailhead for this year's riders. This means we'll be transported there by bus from Banff, then take to the saddle for the first day's ride down the Panther River to our base camp.

And here's the best news of all. No less than *four* different rides can be taken from the camp's back door. One will take us southward toward the Dormer River, another northward up Short Cut Pass and back by a still different route, another west and north up Snow Creek, and yet another northward toward the Red Deer River.

In addition to this liberal choice of trails, the area is also beautifully tailored to the outfitter's requirements. This demands, among other things, lots of good feed for the horses, and trees of the dimensions and quality for tepee poles.

For the trail riders, the new itinerary will have just about everything to offer, in addition to a topnotch campsite and idyllic

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"Trail Riders"

*Official Publication of the Trail
Riders of the Canadian Rockies*

Address all Bulletin material to
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Secretary-Treasurer and Editor
Room 294, Windsor Station
Montreal, Que., Canada

Now We Are Four!

Something new has been added to the trail ride timetable! Commencing in 1957, our summer program will be expanded to feature *four* rides instead of two as in the past.

Decision to hold the extra camps, scheduled for the month of August, was made at last year's council meeting at Banff Springs Hotel. It will help meet the growing demands from members unable to take their annual vacations in July.

Introduction of the two new camps, each of five days' duration, will not affect the regular relative dates of the July program with its five-day and six-day rides, and the annual five-day camp of the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

It was the first major step forward since 1945 when two five-day rides were inaugurated. Previously there had been but one five-day camp for trail riders each summer.

Location of the August camps will be in different territory to that of the first two rides, and will be held *after* the five-day hike. This will provide a welcome rest period for the horses.

So there you have it, Trail Riders! If you have a '57 calendar handy, here are the dates to underline:

Five-Day Ride No. 1: Friday, July 12th through Tuesday, July 16th.

Six-Day Trail Ride: Thursday, July 18th through Tuesday, July 23rd.

Five-Day Ride No. 2: Friday, Aug. 9th through Tuesday, Aug. 13th.

Five-Day Ride No. 3: Friday, Aug. 16th through Tuesday, Aug. 20th.

HERE ARE THE DATES TO REMEMBER!

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IT'S THE PANTHER

(Continued from page 3)

scenery. There is an abundance of big game to be seen, ideal fishing opportunities (Howard, take note) flower-strewn alpine meadows and unlimited targets for the camera fan.

The area is well described by Claude Brewster in the May, 1946, edition of this magazine. We reproduce, herewith, a few excerpts from Claude's article, which will also hold good for this year's camp.

"I will try to do justice to this beautiful country . . . Some of the riders may feel that if they can't have glaciers for breakfast they are being slighted. However, the guides and outfitters like these parts as well as any part of Banff National Park. It is a wonderful and beautiful camping country—good riding and good horse feed.

"It is the best game area in the park—hundreds of elk, deer, moose and sheep. The country is quite open and grassy but closed in by mountains of considerable height all the way around.

"This country lends itself well to side trips. As a matter of fact, we will not be able to take them all in the time we have at our disposal."

Claude makes special reference to the fishing opportunities to be found in the area.

"One suggestion for a side-trip would be to go up Snow Creek for a few miles, then up a west branch to Harrison Lake. This lake is off the beaten trail and not well known. Therefore, it ought to offer some very good fishing."

Sounds alright, doesn't it.

Pre-Ride Shows Popular

Once again the two pre-ride get togethers at Masonic Hall have proven their irresistible appeal! And once again we are indebted to the National Parks administration for supplying us with a program of films tailored to a trail rider's taste.

It was the same story on both programs, the first of which was held on the evening of July 12th and the second the following Thursday. There were lots of films, lots of laughs, lots of good fellowship and lots of spectators.

Highlights of the motion picture program were "Skyline Trails" a sound and color film of a previous year's ride, "Gift of the Glaciers", and films depicting the Calgary Stampede, geological formation of the Rockies, and others dealing with the outdoors. And of course the "Three Bears" were there.

New Officers Elected at '56 Annual Meet

Mrs. W. A. Fuerst, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was elected president of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies at the association's annual meeting, July 25th at Pipestone camp. Previously a vice-president, Mrs. Fuerst succeeds Charles Douglas, of Calgary, Alta., who held office during the previous 12 months.

Two vice-presidents were elected to fill vacancies in that office. They were N. R. Crump, of Montreal, Que., and Dr. Dorothy I. Muirhead, of Hastings, Minn., both of whom were formerly members of the council. Dr. Muirhead succeeds Mrs. Fuerst as a representative of the U.S. membership.

Three new council members were elected to fill vacancies in this group, two from Canada and one from the United States. They were D. C. McVeigh, of Drumheller, Alta.; John Fisher, of Toronto, and C. L. Stivers, of Barrington, Ill.

Motion that the elections be adopted was made by Charles Douglas and seconded by Claude B. Brewster.

There Are Smiles!



When it comes to smiling on the trail ride, even the horses get into the act! This is shown to good advantage in above photo of Miss Elaine Thomson and her blissful looking mount. It seems that cameraman Johnny Kalina got the two just at the right moment.

"I KNEW THIS WAS FOR ME!"

We Just Can't Lose with LaVera

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Bunny Robinson with the new president.

"I KNEW right there and then that this was for me!" That's what our new president, LaVera Fuerst, of Cincinnati, Ohio, had to say of her first trail ride back in 1947.

And she meant every word of it. Since that year LaVera hasn't missed a single ride. Nor does she intend to withdraw from our midst until, as she puts it, "I'll need to mount my horse by a step-ladder."

With such a record and such enthusiasm, how can LaVera be anything but one of the best—if not the best—to ever hold the high office of chief executive?

We all know and appreciate LaVera's valuable record as a member and officer of the Trail Riders. From the time she first signed up with the '47 cavalcade, she has been one of its staunchest supporters. And as an officer of the association, she has consistently given valuable assistance and wise counsel.

She has also demonstrated considerable courage in the face of adversity, refusing to be deterred from riding by an injury that would have dulled the ardor of many a hardier soul. This year LaVera was right back in form and even took a "postscript" ride at the conclusion of the six-day jog.

So much for the new president's trail riding background. LaVera, who was born in her hometown of Cincinnati, describes herself as "married and principally a homemaker". And when LaVera says she

has many interests, she may be accused of making the understatement of the year.

Here are a few in which she mentions with particular enthusiasm: Travelling, collecting of antiques, photography, music, gardening, sewing and millinery, cooking (foreign and exotic foods a specialty). "And, of course", concludes LaVera, "Everyone knows of my great love and enthusiasm for the trail ride."

LaVera is also a member of the College Hill Garden Club, the Cincinnati Movie Club and Photographic Society Club of America. Though few of us have seen her garden, many have seen and admired her splendid pictures.

With so great a variety of competing interests, we feel mildly flattered that LaVera is still unable to resist the call of the Rockies, and much less, the trail ride campfire. As a traveller, she usually keeps us informed by means of periodic cards and messages from faraway places with glamorous sounding names.

The new president is presently active in recruiting of new members for this year's rides, a number of names having already been received by the secretary-treasurer. And with four rides coming up, the recruiting campaign is now of special importance.

The association can congratulate itself on having selected LaVera as its "First Lady". We wish her the best of luck, best of health and continued success in her presidential year.



President LaVera makes her inaugural speech at the grand pow-wow in Banff.

New Schedule Sparks Annual Meet

★ ★ ★ ★ OFFICERS ELECTED FOR COMING SEASON

A NEW slate of officers was elected and business of the moment discussed at the 33rd annual meeting of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, which took place July 25th on the athletic grounds of Banff Springs Hotel.

Sixteen executive officers, councillors, committee members and past presidents, many of whom had just returned from the six-day ride, were present at the meeting which preceded the chuck-wagon supper and grand pow-wow on the hotel premises.

The meeting got under way with the reading of the minutes by Mrs. Berniece Robinson.

Plans for this year's rides were discussed from every angle, with the accent on the time and the place. It was suggested by B. I. M. Strong, Superintendent of Banff National Park, that four rides be conducted in 1957 in place of the two annual camps held in previous years.

The suggestion won enthusiastic support and was carried unanimously on a motion put forward by Mr. Strong and seconded by Mrs. P. A. Moore.

C. B. Brewster proposed that attendance at each of the four new camps should be limited to 40 members, though being sufficiently flexible to handle 50 should the necessity arise.

It was agreed that two of the four rides should be held in August to accommodate the large number unable to take their vacation in July. The two first rides and hike would take place as usual from mid-July till the first week in August. This, Mr. Brewster pointed out, would give the horses a "breather" between the rides.

The new arrangement, it was emphasized, would provide two different campsites for the

Trail Riders, the latter two being located in the same area as that of the Skyline Trail Hikers.

Several campsites were suggested for 1957, with special preference shown for the Panther Creek and Egypt Lake. It was recommended by Marshall Diverty and seconded by Howard Watkins that the matter be referred to the trail committee.

Bouquets and brick-bats came in for their usual airing as the meeting analysed the camp in retrospect. Miss Ruth Woolley tossed the first bouquet with her verdict of the camp's operators "Excellent." Marshall Diverty also had nice things to say about the guides, though he had other things to say about his saddle.

The all-too-frequent practice of horses galloping by the camps "front door" was criticized by Mrs. Berniece Robinson, who had plenty of backing in this complaint. It was also recommended that the camp's medical officer ride at the back of the line at all times.

A special bouquet was extended to Charlie Douglas. This took the form of a motion by Marshall Diverty to the effect that "Charlie Douglas made an excellent president." This was seconded by Mrs. Fuerst and unanimously carried.

Votes of thanks were extended to the outfitter, and his staff, Howard Watkins and Bridget Headley for their roles as master of ceremonies and song leader respectively, Spud Hromada for his accor-dian music, the Canadian Pacific Railway and Banff Springs Hotel.

Nomination and election of new officers occupied the balance of the meeting, these being listed on page 32.

The following members attended: Claude B. Brewster, Banff, Alta.; Marshall H. Diverty, Woodbury, N.J.; Charles Douglas, Calgary, Alta.; Chas. M. Dunn, Regina, Sask.; Mrs. W. A. (LaVera) Fuerst, Cincinnati, Ohio; Miss Ethel Knight, Banff, Alta.; Dr. Dorothy I. Muirhead, Hastings, Minn.; Mrs. P. A. Moore, Banff, Alta.; Mrs. R. C. Riley, Calgary, Alta.; Mrs. Berniece Robinson, Calgary, Alta.; Miss Donna Smale, Winnipeg, Man.; C. M. Smith, West Vancouver, B.C.; Mrs. E. G. Smith, Jenkintown, Pa.; B. I. M. Strong, Banff, Alta.; Howard Watkins, Calgary, Alta., and Miss Ruth Woolley, Woodbury, N.J.

● The unexpected popularity of the new felt crests caught us unaware last year with the result that our initial stock was depleted with the departure of the last trail rider. We are happy to announce that this situation has been remedied with the order of another supply of the handsome garnet and gold stitched blazes which measure four inches in diameter.

Cost of the new crests, which feature the familiar horse and rider, and the legend "Trail Riders—Canadian Rockies", is the same as last year, i.e. \$3.50 which includes cost of mailing.

They're Signing Up For Life Membership

It may be the handsome new certificates, it may be the growing interest in the association, or it may be just good common business sense, ie. compounding annual dues with one single payment. But whatever the cause, the demand for Life Membership in the Trail Riders Association is on the increase.

This is most encouraging, and we hope more and more members, holding the necessary mileage qualifications, will continue to join the lengthening list of Life Members, which includes many names prominent in trail ride history.

According to regulations, any member with a total of 500 miles or upwards on specified trails of the Canadian Rockies is eligible for Life Membership, upon payment of \$25.00. This will absolve the member from payment of annual dues or other assessments, with the exception of special purchases, such as buttons and crests, and fees attendant on the camps themselves.

Each of the certificates, with the new enlarged format, is topped with a Palenske etching depicting a trail ride scene. The member's name is inscribed by hand in Old English lettering by a competent artist, along with signatures of the president and treasurer.

Looks Good for Anglers!

Here's a timely tip for trail riding fishermen, or fishing-minded trail riders. There's fish and (according to previous reports) lots of them in the waters that parallel our '57 itinerary.

Though the writer is at present far from the area, he does have access to a map, printed for our last ride in the Panther country. And unless all the fish have staged a wholesale exodus from all the rivers and streams while we've had our backs turned, the picture is bright for next summer's anglers.

The Panther River for example advertises Rocky Mountain whitefish and Dolly Varden trout. Harrison Lake boasts Dolly Vardens as does a little unnamed lake at the head of Cuthead Creek. The creek itself hangs out the "cut-throat trout" sign. We also see cut-throat trout listed in the Cascade River.

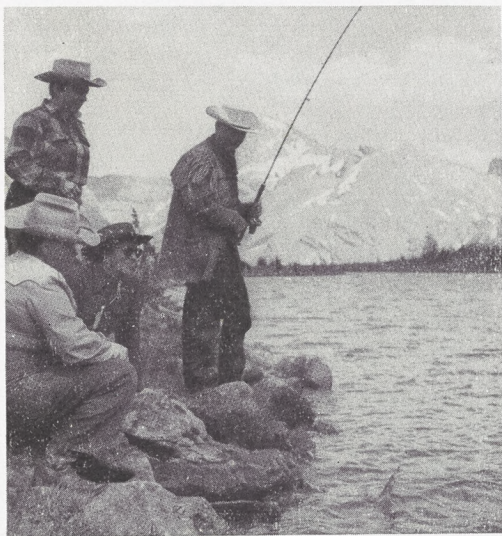
Further information as to how they're biting, and where, will be included in one of this year's pre-ride issues. Good fishing to all and remember us at breakfast.

● We wish to congratulate the following who have taken out Life Membership and welcome them to the Order of Life Members!

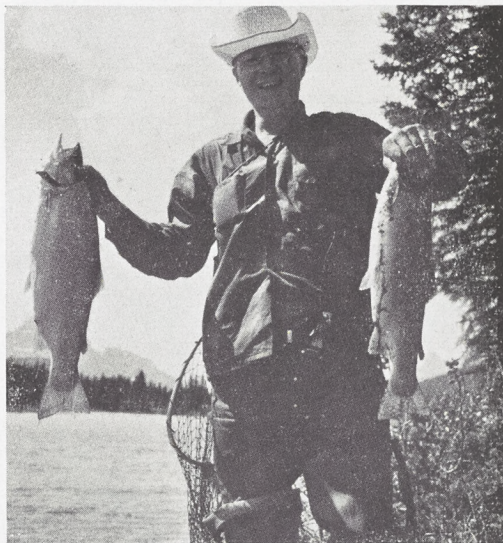
Mrs. W. A. (LaVera) Fuerst, 5449 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. R. C. Riley, 323 - 38th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.

He Not Only Chases Rainbows — He Catches Them



Companions watch intently as Howard Watkins, one of the camp's most enthusiastic anglers, casts a skilful line into the off-shore waters of Red Deer Lake, loveliest splash of blue on the six-day itinerary.



And here's what they saw minutes later—a happy Howard proudly displaying two king-sized rainbow trout, weighing six and four pounds respectively! They were the largest caught by a trail rider at any camp in recent years.

SCENERY, CAMPSITE AND WEATHER — ALL GOOD

And Wonderful Rides They Were!

By GRAHAM NICHOLS



A favorite camp foursome — the Misses Gwen Mayne, Barbara Anne Harris, Donna Smale and Elaine Thomson.



Bonnie Crowthers, centre, lends a helping hand to camp cook Danny Linnell while an interested colleague looks on.



Junior misses of Lib Smith's party demonstrate a new brand of sunburn lotion during one of their rare moments out of the saddle. Also enjoying a respite from the saddle are the cowboys at right.

NUMERICALLY they were the largest, scenically they were among the most magnificent, and from practically every standpoint — including the all-important mood of the weatherman — they were among the most successful.

This is how history will probably record the two trail rides of 1956 when a total of 123 dudes, plus a healthy contingent of cowboys, packers and assistants, took to the saddle near Lake Louise and plodded some 18 miles north to their camp at the junction of Pipestone River and Molar Creek.

There was also another feature that made the trips outstanding—less tangible perhaps and harder to define—but far too pertinent to be omitted from the records. This was the wonderful spirit of good fellowship that flourished at both camps—a spirit every bit as radiant and heart-warming as the July sunshine that kept us company on practically every scenic mile.

The scene is still fresh in our minds and scrapbooks—and in the case of the luckier ones—on the silver screen as well! Though the sharp profile of the mighty Molar is beginning to fade into the background, it takes little effort to start the memory train chugging back to that brilliant and exciting chapter of the summer calendar.

As in past seasons, there were two rides, a five-day trip, July 13-17 and a six-day trip July 20-25. The five-day ride attracted 56 members, an easy number to remember considering the year. As for the six-day ride, it exceeded all expectations and recent



records, with 67 signing up. But let's get started.

The superstitious among our numbers—and there were a few—believed their fears might be realized as the zero hour approached on the morning of "Friday the 13th". Though the early morning had dawned bright and clear, the scene was suddenly reversed by a vicious thunderstorm accompanied by what had all the earmarks of a genuine cloudburst.

Almost obscured by the driving rain, two big Brewster buses already loaded, stood outside the Mount Royal Hotel in readiness for the 38-mile journey to trailhead. Instead of pulling out at the announced departure time, both buses wisely "hove to" until such time as the situation might improve. However, there was no gloom inside the waiting buses. As if to defy the challenge of the elements, we let loose with rollicking trail ride songs, joked and chatted gaily, as lightning weaved startling patterns outside the rain-washed windows.

The storm ended as abruptly as it began, and from that moment onward, the weather was a staunch ally. The buses rolled away, less than 30 minutes late, and were soon speeding westward along the Banff-Lake Louise highway. A third bus had been despatched earlier from Banff direct to Kananaskis Ranch to pick up Lib Smith and her contingent of school girls.

By the time all three buses had converged at the Temple rendez-vous, their occupants were returning the cheerful smile of Old Sol, with nothing left of the storm but a few scattered "fair-weather" clouds hanging over the distant mountains.

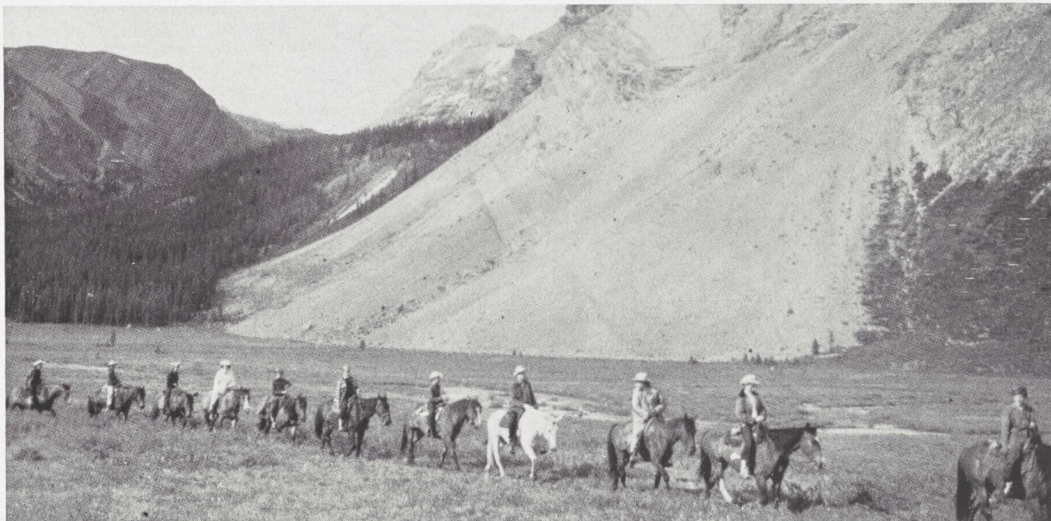
(Continued on page 10)



Knotty but nice — at least, that's the way it looks from here. Caught in the tangle of loops and lines are, left to right: Dr. Walter Mudry, Clarence Richards, Frank Sabin, and Stanley Stevenson.



When it comes to versatility in camp, few can hold a candle to Frank Sabin and Bill Round. They are shown here, left to right, in the process of constructing a sturdy dishwashing table.



A section of the cavalcade files across a wide open alpine meadow in the course of a day's ride. There were scenic thrills and attractions in all directions — from the mighty peaks rising above to the myriads of wild flowers dotting the meadow.



Harold Calhoun and Barbara Anne Harris battle it out in the chill waters of Red Deer Lake. The spray fray was witnessed from shore by cheering colleagues. No one dared declare the winner.



Informal gathering in the Banff registration office includes, left to right: Mary Shaw, Beth Priestley, Ray Bagley, Louise Wolfenden and Charlie Dunn.



WONDERFUL RIDES THEY WERE

(Continued from page 9)

We all recall the scene that followed—some 56 enthusiastic dudes and veterans milling about in the trailhead corral in search of the allotted animal that would be their trusty transportation for the five days to follow. “Anyone seen No. 48?” called one. “Let’s see now,” a dude was heard to say, “Left foot in left stirrup—or is it the other way around?”—“Hey, Gunsight, will you check my cinches, please?”

Directing the operations were such proven authorities as Claude and Bud Brewster, Acting President Frank Sabin, veteran cowboy Ray Bagley, with such stalwarts as Gunsight, Shorty Bray, Emil Yursek and others in the Brewster string well to the fore.

Finally, after 45 minutes of bustle and confusion, we found ourselves comfortably perched atop the saddle—my own was identified as C.P.R. Express—and at the given signal by Frank Sabin, the long colorful cavalcade filed slowly away from the corral. The 1956 ride was underway.

Lots of Rivers to Cross

We learned early that there was more to the trail than earth and rock—namely water and lots of it. Minutes after our departure, the trail stopped abruptly at the marge of the flood-swollen Pipestone River which rolled ominously over massive boulders on its way to join hands with the Bow.

The depth—and width—of the river may have been the source of worry to some of the new members. However, no one betrayed any such emotion. As our supervisors stood by at strategic points, the first of the horses stepped gingerly into the turbulent waters, and was in turn followed by those behind. Once off shore, the horses were wading belly-deep and picking their way with amazing skill over the invisible rocks below.

There was only one incident that approached casualty proportions—but it had its comedy aspects as well. The writer’s big bay, “Sandman”, long famous for his sure-footed gait, chose midstream to trip on a concealed boulder. As Sandy keeled over to the right, his rider keeled with him and finally, with left foot in the stirrup, the other deep in the river, he managed to swim with the right hand, keeping himself and the big horse afloat. At least that’s how it looked and felt. This continued till Sandy, slowly drifting downstream had recovered his footing in a more solid section of the river bed.

“Anyone see a brown horse wearing a blue slicker?”—Both horse and rider could have used a slicker at this point.

The trail into camp followed the general course of the Pipestone, and there were crossings galore all along the way. Seldom were we beyond earshot of the icy-cold stream which has its origin in the ice and snowfields of the high country beyond.

The ride that day gave us an exciting preview of things to come in the panorama department. To

◀ “Step right up, folks, and see the world’s only smoking (not smoked) fish!” This was the carnival-style message that lured these curious spectators into a certain tepee where the tobacco-loving trout was on display. And judging by the expressions, they half believed what they saw.

our right rose the massive bulk of Ptarmigan Mountain and its northern neighbor, Mount Richardson at approximately the same elevation. And guiding us campward far ahead, like a beckoning finger, was the "Mighty Molar"—a 9,924-ft. peak whose resemblance to a molar was nothing less than fantastic.

The itinerary featured a wide assortment of terrain. At one point the trail would wind through a grove of pungent evergreens whose sharp tang, combined with the zestful alpine air, plus the all-embracing solitude, served as a tonic to city-frayed nerves. Then after a mile or so of "wood-plodding" the cavalcade would emerge on a spacious alpine meadow, criss-crossed by rivulets, and providing unobstructed views of the mountainous background.

Wild flowers bloomed in profusion. They ranged from the delicate blues of the forget-me-not to the deep crimson and orange of the trail rider's favorite alpine "sign-post", the Indian paint brush. There were also spasmodic reports of moose, elk or other wild creatures being spotted by keen sighted individuals along the route of the riders.

Lunch was taken at a strategic spot where the evergreens marched down to the very shores of the Pipestone. Horses were tethered to the trees, or left to roam, while the riders disported themselves in small groups, on the ground, on stumps, on logs and rocks where they consumed large quantities of sandwiches, oranges, cookies, tea and coffee.

The familiar summons "Everybody up!" reminded us that it was time to take to the saddle again. It was then that some members wished they had tethered their horses close by instead of giving them a chance to wander. However, the strays were gradually rounded up and the procession continued.

The afternoon ride gave us a generous share of open meadows and another taste of river crossings—some wide and shallow, others short but deep and fast-flowing. Looming to the north as we neared our campsite were such massive landmarks as 9,454-ft. Cataract Peak and the giant of them all, 11,135-ft. Mount Hector.

During the late afternoon we became engulfed in evergreens again, then rounded a bend to behold a memorable sight. On the far side of a meadow, separated by the upper waters of the Pipestone, rose the spires of Tepee Town, sharply etched against the rising wooded slopes in the background. The tepees, big Doughnut assembly tent and dining marquee were clearly visible. And best of all, smoke was already rising from the cook-tent.

One by one we were signalled across the turbulent river waters, and once on terra firma trotted or galloped the remaining quarter mile across the meadow and into our home corral. Once dismounted we headed for the Doughnut where we were assigned
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Trio of trail riders makes impressive picture while etched on the snowy skyline of Deception Pass. Though the scene would do justice to January, the calendar, believe it or not, says it's mid-July.



A leading contender for top popularity honors on the five-day ride, Dr. Walter Mudry, of Calgary, better known as "Walt" or "Doc", is shown here atop his favorite mount.



Cameraman Johnny Kalina shows the right way to lay a bed of spruce boughs for a night of solid comfort. And that means the elimination of rib-sticking branches!



Impressions of a First Ride

★ ★ ★

By VANNA MICKLE



Vanna surveys campsite from door of Sunset Teepee.

● Yes, those days in the saddle are hard to forget. The summer of 1956 was my first on the trail ride. Our base camp was on the beautiful and picturesque Pipestone River. The horse I rode was not exactly the most beautiful steed around, but he certainly had a wonderful nature and did his work faithfully. When I first saw "Blackie, as I named him later on, I fell in love with his big brown eyes which looked at me so innocently, as if to say "I am ready, let's go!"

Blackie was not by any means black—he was a sort of dark chestnut shade, and had a well built body. He was as friendly a horse as you would wish to meet, so I suppose I could mark him down in my scrapbook, as another good friend I met on the ride. I have a good photo of Blackie in my wallet. I look at it often with loneliness for the good old trail ride and camp life.

The sing-song around the campfire brings memories of happiness, fellowship and good cheer. The cowboys with their guitars and accordians sing their favorite songs. Then come the cocoa and cookies—a welcome sight for all. At last all retire to their teepees and snuggle into their cozy sleeping bags.

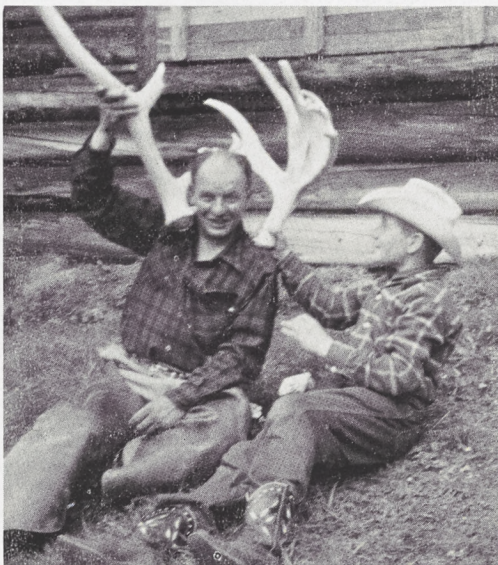
You meet all kinds of people from all parts of the continent on the trail ride, and they are all so nice and friendly that you never feel lost or unwanted at all. But, then like all good things it has to come to an end and finally stunt night rolls around. This is the last night of the ride and every teepee is invited to put on some kind of stunt or skit in the doughnut tent. After the stunts are over the call goes out "How about a little square dancing?" Then the guitars start

playing, the accordeon starts in, and pretty soon weary feet are dancing to the familiar music played by the cowboys.

Soon though you are back in your sleeping bag, wishing the night would never end, for you know to-morrow you will be mounting your steed, for the last time, last year anyway. And before you know it you are rolling up your sleeping bag and trudging over to the doughnut tent to put it on the faithful pack horse. The last smoking embers of last night's fire are still there. You took at them with tears in your eyes, wishing you didn't have to go.

So you mount, say goodbye to the friends you have made, and start on the long journey back to the trailhead. You turn back to take your last look at the base camp. Your mind goes back over the trail ride events, and you remember all the fun you have had. But you must not forget your faithful companion who has carried you over many a mountain trail and river. You give him an affectionate pat and whisper in his ear, "Don't worry I will be back this year".

SKOKI LODGE INTERLUDE



(Photo by Wally Joyce)

"It may have looked better on the moose, but I'm trying it on for size anyway", says John Fisher as he examines unusual prop during lunch stopover at Skoki Lodge. With him is one of the two Tapley brothers, of Sackville, N.B., who accompanied Mr. Fisher and John, Jr., on the five-day ride.

THERE'S ONE MORE RIVER TO CROSS

Cavalcade comes to a halt at river's edge and waits for signal to proceed. For the horses it's another opportunity to cool their feet—and sometimes, the rider's as well!



Lead horse, piloted by George Cole, ploughs deep in the cold turbulent waters as others follow in line. In high water, horses frequently wade belly-deep.



Emerging on river's opposite shore, George splashes his way to the trail again. Horses have uncanny talent for picking their way over submerged invisible boulders.

'COPTER PICKS UP INJURED COWBOY

A Drama of the Skies

★ ★ ★

IT WAS shortly before six-thirty on the chill early morning of July 15th. Most of the camp still slept. A solitary early riser was standing by the water-shelf hopefully waiting for Old Sol to peek over the mountain and spill his cheery warmth over Pipestone Meadow.

Then his eyes automatically turned upwards—not toward the sun but in the direction of a dark droning object (too large even for a Pipestone mosquito) which appeared to be heading straight for camp. The drone increased to a buzzing roar as the helicopter hovered closer. The excited observer raced toward the tepees to arouse the occupants.

This move, however, proved unnecessary. The occupants were already scrambling from their tepees, and racing toward the scene, some of them dressing on the run! It was a dramatic moment for the camp. Hope that the whirly-bird would arrive had been all but abandoned.

A short distance from camp, in the warden's cabin, the S.O.S. had been urgently dispatched. Cowboy George Cole had been badly injured and required immediate hospitalization. He was in no condition to stand the jars and jolts of a pack trip over the 10 miles of trail and river crossings that separated camp from trailhead. A helicopter was the only alternative.

Forty miles away at the Imperial Oil Company's camp on the junction of the Red Deer and Bighorn Rivers, the message was intercepted. There was a helicopter in

the area and this would be dispatched at the earliest moment. So when genial Reid Jarroch stepped from his Spartan Airway's craft, which had "sat down" a hundred yards from camp, all knew the nature of his mission. He had left his home base early that morning and completed the trip within an hour.

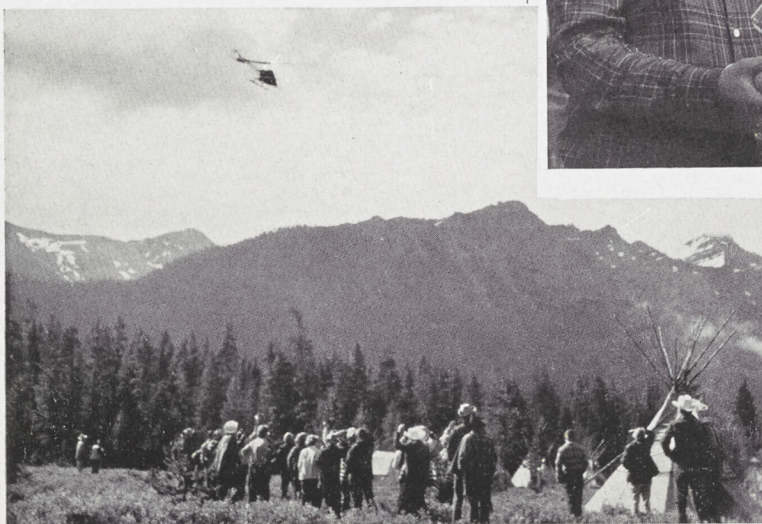
By now practically every dude and cowboy had assembled at the scene. All were noticeable relieved that the much needed aid from the skies had actually arrived, but none more genuinely than the cheering teen-aged admirers to whom George symbolized the ideal cowboy.

First to welcome Pilot Reid Jarroch was Dr. Walter Mudry, of Calgary, official camp physician on the five-day ride, who briefly explained the patient's predicament. Then, after brief introductions to other camp officers, the pilot was hustled to the cook tent where the coffee urns were already bubbling out their tempting fragrance.

(Continued on page 25)

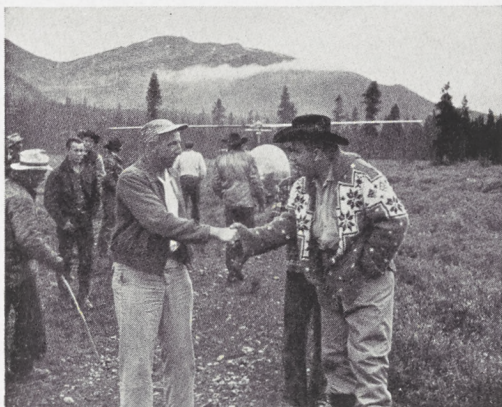


▲ Campers responded generously to a collection on behalf of the injured cowboy. Here Bonnie Crowther passes the hat for another contribution. Total collected: \$50.00.



◀ Campers keep eyes glued on helicopter as craft gains altitude for flight to Banff. The 'copter took off amid cheers from George's well-wishers.

A Helicopter "Sits Down" in Teepee Town



Pilot Reid Jarroch, left, of Spartan Air Services, is greeted by Dr. Walter Mudry, camp physician, minutes after landing in camp. Jarroch made "mercy flight" in response to S.O.S. from warden's cabin.



Horse stares in wonderment at 'copter as it rests on "landing field" near camp. It was the first time a trail ride camp had been visited from the air. It was also most dramatic moment in camp history!



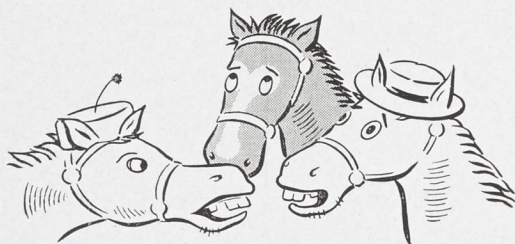
Injured cowboy George Cole is carried gently in hand-fashioned armchair by cowboy colleagues to waiting 'copter, as Pilot Jarroch stands at aircraft's door. Looking on are a number of admirers who gave George a cheering singing send-off.



John Fisher explains a few technical aspects of the "egg-beater" to his son John, Jr., who accompanied him on first ride. The 'copter was given a going-over by many a curious camper.



Despite his injuries, George manages a broad smile as Pilot Jarroch fastens safety belt for flight to Banff hospital. It was George's first trip by air and a far cry from the saddle.



CORRAL CHATTER

Hope that Santa filled your stockings well with either a Buckskin jacket, a bright red shirt or a pair of spurs and topped it off with a copy of the Trail Ride bulletin—so that with the new year looming on the horizon, your thoughts will be turning to summer holidays and plans for "Trail Time" in the Rockies.

Congratulations and best wishes for years of happiness to Ann Crump, now Mrs. James R. Herrington.

Jessie and Mel Gourlay, of Drumheller, stopped up this way recently. Jessie was attending the I.O.D.E. convention and Mel came along to pick up Trail Ride news.

Jerry Lister, our genial warden of last year's ride up the Pipestone, has turned in his chaps and spurs for the next three weeks for a hula skirt and flown to Hawaii. Perhaps one of those dark eyed gals down there will make wonderful models for his color films.

Rod Allin, one of Bud's top packers, said good-bye to the Rockies and has headed for Cedar, Michigan, to teach skiing this winter. He plans to go to New Zealand next summer, but I'll lay a bet that when he hears of the 1957 trail ride plans, he'll head back West.

Shorty Bray had the misfortune to break his leg this fall and is now hobbling around on crutches. He'd be glad to hear from his friends.

Bud Brewster is working for the warden service. If his plans work out he'll probably head for Arizona to tell those dudes down there all about trail riding in the Rockies.

Mary Burles and yours truly are heading for Hawaii, soft music, beaches, golf courses 'et al' to build up our strength for bigger and better trail rides.

Bill Round, who has been one of our best photographers in Banff and the last few years been with the Province of Alberta Tourist bureau, is planning on making his home in Vancouver. Good luck, Bill and Eve—Now we'll have a few more trail riders to see in Vancouver this spring.

Tillie Knight

Just Reminiscin'

By SOURDOUGH

'Twas one cold mornin' — up in that there Pipestone River country, when some dang fool fellah started yellin' "Wakey, wakey wakey!" and banged on some pipin'. He thought I was sleepin'. I fooled him, I did, I was awake. But I wasn't goin' to go out there because he wanted company. No sir. I later found out from my mate, I think his name was "Hewood Waterman", that the fellah bangin' the pipin' was the cook.

Well, 'twas time to go find my hoss; a tall, lanky fellah was workin' on him and doin' a dang good job too. His name was Don I don't know what. Well sir, I got on that hoss and do you know what? I never met such a grass-chewin' water boiler as that one. He wasn't int'rested in me at all. He wanted a dang walk to nibble every blade of grass in the country and guzzle at every crick we went by or over.

Some purty country was seen and 'twas to my likin'. It was mighty good; it was what us dudes say, Bootiful. Some gals was along too; too many to tell of, though one does 'specially stick out in my mind. You 'member her — with red nose and a laugh you could hear up at Molar Crick. Comes to mind she did a bit of braidin' at one time or t'other.

When the sun went down all us dudes went to what you call it — the pastry tent where we did a bit of singin' led by that fishin' fellah — I fergit his name, but he did a mighty fine job. Then that there fellah called "Eye-sight" or was it "No-sight"? did a bit of moanin' with some cow poke songs. He was powerful.

The camp fire vittles sure was makin' me sleepy so I went back to the diggin's climbed into the sack and dreamt of the cook hollerin' "Come and get it or I'll throw it in the crick'."

OUR COVER

● If Johnny Kalina were eligible for the Townsend Trophy his photo appearing on cover of this issue, might well be judged the winner. For composition, lighting, backdrop and that unmis-takable spirit it imparts, the photo is a winner in every sense of the word.

So much for its virtues. Those who participated in last year's rides will have no difficulty (we hope) in recognizing the scene or, if you were a member of the six-day cavalcade the rider in foreground. Sure, it's Jock Smith. Now we've told you the rider's name. Maybe you can help us out by identifying the mountain.

THE GANG'S ALL HERE — AND HAPPY TOO!

● Recognize the groups on this page, if the answer is 'No', then you most certainly missed out on two wonderful rides! If, however, your answer is in the affirmative, you should have little trouble in finding yourself tucked away in one of the two groups which depict the five and the six-day trail rides of 1956.

And though the photographer told us to say "Cheese!", he was only wasting his energy. Those smiles (count 'em) were there to begin with—born of five to six rollicking days in camp and on the trail. If any of us needed encouragement, it could only have been because we were on the homeward trail—always a sad occasion, particularly on

the five-day ride, which lacks the cushioning effect of the final pow-wow.

Oddly enough, even with all that landscape to spare, it took plenty of research on the part of photographer Johnny Kalina to select the spot most suitable for the annual group photo. The light had to be right, the slope had to be right, and most important of all, the mood had to be right. And that's why Johnny selected our lunch stop at Skoki Lodge on the homeward march.

Many of the smiles lighting up the above group belong to the junior misses of Lib Smith's group. It's easy to see, however, that they hold no monopoly on the art. As for the six-day group, photographed below, they don't seem to be doing so badly either.



DON'T ASK US WHY BUT —

The Show Must Go On!

★ ★ ★

SOME PEOPLE like their drama well seasoned with comedy, others like the accent on comedy, while many more have a nostalgic hankering for old-fashioned vaudeville.

This may explain why everyone—including a number of veteran-members—hailed the 1956 editions of Stunt Nite as the most successful on record. All the theatrical ingredients mentioned above were blended into the trail riders' annual variety show in which each tepee is expected to stage an act. In other words, there was something for everyone.

The theatre, of course, was the Doughnut, the camp's mighty assembly tent with the hole on top; the stage was the tent's grassy, none too level floor, further glamorized by an occasional midget spruce tree. Stage lighting was provided by the blazing campfire at centre, assisted by flashlights manipulated by members of the audience, who were seated on logs ranged about the tent's

circumference. As for costumes these ranged from "grass skirts" composed of spruce boughs, to sleeping bags!

Director for the first performance was our favorite "Emcee" Ross Alger, while doing an equally sterling job on the podium for the six-day finale was Howard Watkins. A newcomer, Bridget Headley, proved herself an expert song leader in the occasional variety number.

Of course there was music and lots of it. For this we have to thank Clarence Richards, accordionist, who has held the role for several seasons, and who did the honors for the five-day program. The bandstand for the six-day show was occupied by a genial first-timer, Spud Hromada, of Drumheller, who also squeezed his melodies from the folds of an accordion.

You have the setting. Now, on with the show . . . The opening act gave the audience a chance to cheer and hiss in the finest traditions of the "Hearts and Flowers" era. With so handsome a hero as Georgiana Foster, alias Desperate Desmond, Vanna Mickle as a mustachioed villain, Janet Foster, the damsel in distress, and Margaret Cook commenting, all the ingredients for yesterday's soap opera were complete.

The next act was ushered in to the jingle of cow bells with 10 of Lib's loveliest lamenting the fact they were "nobody's moo cow now". Any resemblance to the number and a popular song of *almost* the same title and melody was more than coincidental. It was intended that way and sounded great.

The one and only Gunsight was inspiration for Act III, though it seems he was billed as "Peepsight." With John Fisher, Jr. and Jack Tapley starring in the juniormost skit, Gunsight—the real Gunsight—may well have seen himself in a new light.

The various species of side-hill gougers—that mythical creature with legs of assorted lengths to facilitate its passage up, down, or along the side of a mountain—were enumerated and described in hilarious detail by Bill Round.

Uphill, downhill, right-handed for right-handed mountains, left-handed for left-handed mountains, goat legs on one side, elk legs on the other, etc. etc., Bill knew them all.

(Continued on page 20)



➤ Dramatic moment during one of the more whimsical acts of Stunt Nite '56. Unfortunately the script was lost somewhere on the trails so the editor can give no further comment.

➤ A segment of the circle of spectators ranged about the "Doughnut" campfire to see the annual trail ride extravaganza. At right is Clarence Richards, official camp musician on the five-day ride.





Big moment for Desperate Desmond.



Melodrama with strings attached.



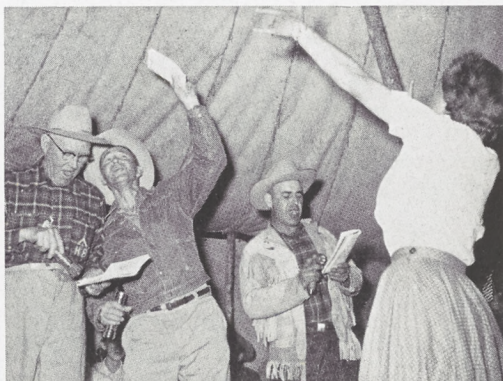
Dialogue and dolls.



Singing cowboys—Emil, Gunsight, Paul.



Those fabulous Pipestone Piperettes.



Close harmony—but not too close.



Anyone lose a shirt?

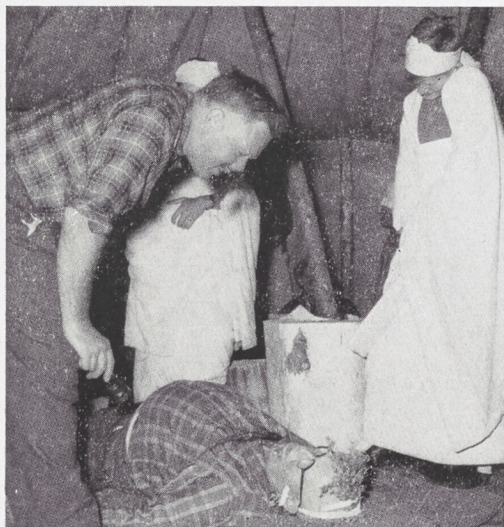


Chicken Dance by Pipestone Injuns.

SHOW MUST GO ON!

(Continued from page 18)

Another skit by the talented team of Fisher and Tapley demonstrated how the carrying of refresh-



He's at death's door alright, but the doctor can pull him through. And that's just what the hapless patient, Charlie Dunn, (on floor) is afraid of as Dr. J. D. Leishman makes ready for surgery. "Nurses" are Charles Riley and Dave Leishman.



Close-up of spectators enjoying the six-day ride screamerama. At extreme left is Jack Webb and next to him, partly concealed by tent-pole, Charlie Douglas, retiring president.

Emcee Ross Alger plays spotlight on music, Clarence Richards manipulates the keys of his trusty accoridan, and Lib's girls break into song.



ments in a hat could result in disastrous consequences. As the youngest male members of the five-day ride, the boys proved they could compete with the best of them when it came to providing topnotch entertainment.

An impressive recitation by John Fisher, Sr. swung the pendulum from levity to a more sober vein. Bedecked in robes of a mystic portent, he expounded his philosophic theories to an admiring and awe-struck audience.

The guides' ears were surely burning in the next act—and it had nothing to do with their proximity to the campfire. Three of them—Emil, Aubrey and George—heard themselves branded as "wolves" by five junior misses of Miss Lib's group. The wolves, however, withheld their howls.

No program would, of course, be complete without a recitation or two by Ray Bagley, the camp's popular poet laureate. And once more "Uncle Ray" drew prolonged applause for "The Bulgy Squaw" and others composed by the veteran cowboy-poet. One of these, "Lake Louise", made its trail ride debut on the program.

Dr. Arthur Fontijn proved himself an expert entertainer in the next act with the rendition of several Dutch folk-songs, including the Town Song of Amsterdam, Brabant, and Students Drinking Song. To make the feat doubly impressive, Dr. Fontijn went through each number with no instrumental accompaniment, the melodies being strange to this country. He received encore after encore.

The plot of the next act revolved around a concentrated trail ride menu, in the form of a small pink pill, developed by Professor Wally Joyce, and the effects it had on Bonnie Crowthers, its unintended victim. Reports of the patient's progress and suggested antidotes were presented in a hilarious exchange between the pill's inventor and Clarence Richards.

The eyes of the trail ride fashion world were turned with interest on the next act, staged by Margaret Clarke, Georgina Ronaghan and Ella Ferris. Shoes, red flannels and various other accessories helped provide a real trail ride touch to the show which featured a classic rendition of "Roamin' in the Gloamin'."

Ray Bagley was called "on stage" again at this point, the subject of his recitation: "Last Night I Dreamed."

The only thing unlucky about the thirteenth act was the number itself, though it was also unfortunate there were no talent scouts about! They might well have signed contracts on the spot with the following stars of the Lib Smith coterie:

Sandi Davis, the prima donna; Sally Walker, Babs Harrison, Kathy Firth, Lisa Schaffer, and Virginia Wriggins. The scene portrayed the "Missy

Cabin" at Kananaskis Ranch, near Banff, where the girls get saddle-conditioned before the ride.

Starring in the act were Mabel and her Guitar, a new look for "River of No Return", a delightful parody on "Ghost Riders in the Sky", and a snappy ditty, "We're in the Jailhouse Now". The latter referred to four "shut-ins" at the ranch.

We once thought Iowa was the corn state, but that was before we saw "Sightseeing Tour", presented in the next act by our Oregon colleagues. And since corn is much in demand on Stunt Nite, the act received a big hand—and lots of laughs—from the audience.

Starring in this breezy little skit were Keith Fennell as the tour conductor, and his passengers, Stan and Bill Stevenson and Bonnie Crowthers. And, Oh Boy, were they enthusiastic! We also learned that it's not safe to ask "What chores?"—that is, unless we're prepared to buy.

There were lots of strings attached to the next act. But since they were attached to guitars and banjos, no one seemed to mind. And with such favorite cowboy singing stars as Emil Yursek, Gunsight and their pallies, doing the humming and strumming, the result was encore after encore. And when Emil went into his act, the response was one that even Elvis might envy.

The weird beat of the toin-tom and blood curdling war whoops filled the air as the Doughnut was invaded by a tribe of "Pipestone Indians", headed by Chief "One Spot" Brewster. But it was really a peaceful invasion. The chicken dance in this case was for entertainment only. And when the warriors (cowboys to you) swept up their paleface squaws from the sidelines, it was only to accompany them through the intricate motions of the Owl Dance.

By this time everyone had got into the act and the Doughnut was bursting out all over with harmony and good fellowship.

Fresh logs were heaved on the campfire as the tankard of hot chocolate and cartons of cookies were brought in. And while actors and spectators fell to, addresses of thanks were extended by President Charlie Dunn on behalf of the association.

On the receiving end of the thankyou votes were such indispensables as accordianist Clarence Richards, Ross Alger, master of ceremonies; Danny Linnell, master of the skillet, and his assistant, Shirley Hoyle; Bud Brewster, the outfitter, and others contributing to the camp's success.

Happily for the six-day riders, the season's talent quota was far from exhausted when the five-day troupers took their final curtain call! This was

(Continued on page 31)



Five presidents appeared simultaneously at this year's show. Left to right: Charlie Douglas, retiring president; Jock Smith, Bill Bardwell, Charlie Dunn and Marshall Diverty, all past presidents.



Marshall Diverty believes in keeping cool — even when on stage. He is seen here during hilarious bit of comedy. P.S. — the pipe kept burning.

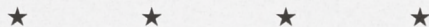


▲ Pipestone Creek is a long way from Hawaii, but the hula was danced to perfection by the trio above . . . with "grass" skirts of their own manufacture.



◆ The show takes a serious (or maybe tragic) turn. Only rarely did a joke meet with such a reception.

Season Ends with Gala Pow-Wow



TRAIL RIDE SPIRIT GETS A ONE-NIGHT REPRIEVE

CLUSTERS of gaily chatting trail riders, garbed in colorful camp attire, were busily engaged in putting away a sumptuous trail ride supper. Some were sprawled on the ground, carefully balancing their plates and coffee cups with a skill born of steady practice. In the background was the big Doughnut assembly tent with its Indian decorated walls.

Sounds just like any mealtime in camp, doesn't it? But it wasn't. Actually, camp had been broken early that same morning, and where our tepee town had stood, the Pipestone was flowing nostalgically by a green, dewy and lone-some alpine meadow. Setting of the above-mentioned scene was a good 60 miles from the Pipestone campsite. The place was the athletic grounds of Banff Springs Hotel, the occasion the annual "chuck-wagon" supper and grand pow-wow. For, by the miracle of trail ride transportation methods, the Doughnut had been whisked from our campsite to Banff in time to house the Pow-Wow audience!

Mingling among the newly-returned campers, easily identifiable by their apparel, were the more sedately attired officers and other prominent members and friends who reside permanently in Banff. A few of the latter had participated in the annual meeting which preceded the camp-style supper.

Also on hand to witness the proceedings were members of the five-day ride who had returned or stayed over for the popular wind-up. Prominent among them were Miss Elizabeth G. (Lib) Smith, of Jenkintown, and her party of 20-odd teen-aged school girls. There were even a few trail hikers in our midst!

Inside the Doughnut, the pow-wow was launched to the strains of our favorite theme

song, "Trail Time in the Rockies", with Howard Watkins as master of ceremonies and Spud Hromada operating the accordian. This was followed by an address of welcome from B.I.M. Strong, superintendent of Banff National Parks by whose kind offices we are permitted to make use of the trails.

The program that followed was made up of amusing skits, introduction of the new slate of officers, addresses and songs in the trail ride manner. The latter in-

cluded a particularly winsome selection of songs presented by an equally winsome group of "Miss Lib's" girls.

A seasonal highlight was the presentation by Marshall Diverty of the Townsend Trophy to last year's winner, Wally Joyce, of Toronto. In Wally's absence, the handsome silver cup was accepted on his behalf by another Torontonion, Louise Wolfenden. A miniature of the trophy, awarded for the best trail ride photo of 1955, was forwarded to Mr. Joyce.

Singled out for special honor was Lib

Smith who suddenly and unexpectedly found herself a Life Member! The honor was accompanied by the presentation to Miss Smith of the Order's highest mileage button by Claude Brewster, who congratulated the new life member on behalf of the association. The gift, Claude said, was made in recognition of Miss Smith's years of service to the association.

A particularly happy feature of the program was the introduction of six active and past presidents to the pow-wow audience. Those taking a bow, amid cheers from the sidelines, were Mrs. P. A. Moore, Jock Smith, Bill Bardwell, Charlie Dunn, Marshall Diverty, all past presidents, and retiring president Charlie Douglas. Another past president, Mrs. Harry Dooley (Fern Brewster) had been present earlier.

(Continued on page 27)



Newly-elected vice-president Dorothy Muirhead acknowledges cheers of her supporters at Banff pow-wow.



Applause was seldom lacking as the pow-wow program unfolded. Doing their bit to register approval are Jack McIver and Elizabeth Arends, shown in centre foreground.



Another view of attentive spectators watching the show from the sidelines. Everyone felt a bit wistful at this last full-dress assembly of the trail ride season.



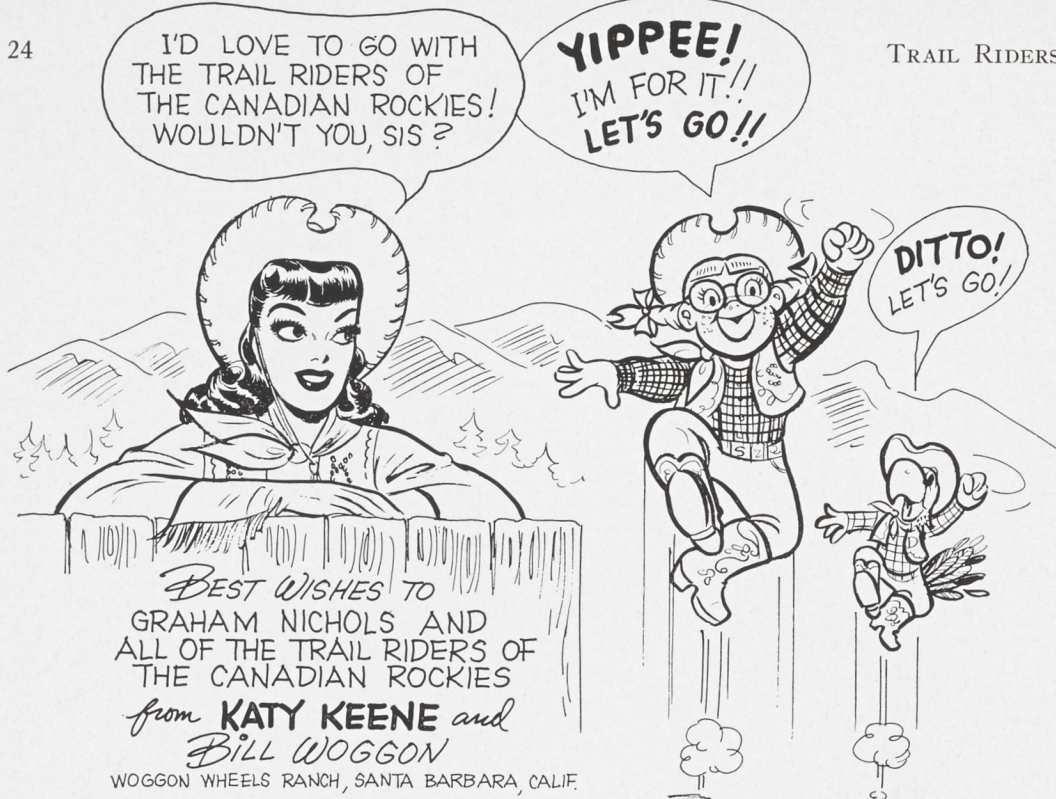
Louise Wolfenden accepts the Townsend Trophy from Marshall Diverty on behalf of Wally Joyce, winner of the big cup in last year's photo contest. A miniature of the cup was shipped to Wally who resides in Toronto.



In recognition of her valuable service, Elizabeth G. (Lib) Smith was made a Life Member of the Association. Here she receives a top-mileage button from Claude Brewster.



No pow-wow, would be complete without some of that soothing harmony in the incomparable manner of the Lib Smith choristers.



WONDERFUL RIDES THEY WERE

(Continued from page 11)

our tepees and laid claim to sleeping bags, ground sheets, blankets and anything else we could lay our hands on.

Supper that first night saw Danny Linnell, a newcomer, presiding over the skillet, with Frank Sabin shedding his acting presidential robes to make himself useful in traditional fashion. In true cafeteria style, we lined up outside the cook-tent, plates and cutlery in hand, and saw our dishes piled up with an assortment of victuals tailored to a hungry rider's measure.

Later that evening we headed for the Doughnut to savor a favorite aspect of camp life—the nightly campfire sing-song. Inside the big tent we seated ourselves on logs and on the ground around the huge campfire which provided welcome warmth in the chill night air of the higher altitudes.

First, it was get-acquainted time and this was done in the time-honored trail ride manner . . . everyone introducing himself or his neighbor. It was amazing how much we learned from these uninhibited self-appraisals.

Our veteran camp poet, Ray Bagley, brightened the program with several of his original compositions, these including two favorites, "The Bulgy Squaw" and "How Long a Year Can Be."

At one point on the program, the cowboys took over, with Emil Yursek featuring his version of "Yellow Roses", singing to the accompaniment of his own melodic guitar. Not to be outdone by his colleague, Gunsight (C. C. Cook to you) did a bit of singing and yodelling on his own. And that applause was really something to hear.

The trail ride song book was given a good going over during the evening, with Ross Alger as master of ceremonies and Clarence Richards supplying the accordion accompaniment. It sounded wonderful—to us anyhow.

Later Clarence proved himself as talented a soloist as he is an accompanist when he squeezed out a plaintive rendition of "Two Guitars" from

the folds of his accordian. Then to cheer everyone up, he gave a hilarious account of Noah's headaches at the time of the flood.

By the time the cocoa and cookies had been passed around most of us were ready to call it a day. And this we did. One by one we poked our way through the Doughnut flap into the cold starry night and guided by the piercing beams of a flashlight, made our way to our home tepees and the cozy confines of a sleeping bag.

Unfortunately, we lack sufficient space in which to give a day-by-day account of the proceedings on both camps. However, the foregoing account, when multiplied by five or six, depending on the ride, should paint a fairly accurate picture of a typical day and night in camp and on the trails.

That first day's ride, for example, had much in common with the daily scheduled rides that followed. All of them—the rides to Molar Pass, Pipestone Pass, Red Deer Lake and Fish Lakes—though presenting a diversity of scenic attractions, followed basically the same exciting pattern.

There were, of course, certain features that stand out with special clarity on both trips. There was that day, for instance, at Red Deer Lake when two determined misses dumped Harold Calhoun in the drink . . . and the time Howard Watkins relieved that same Red Deer Lake of two giant rainbow trout, with Dr. Shafto racing to the rescue.

There was that terrific view from Deception Pass, which was also the battlefield for an equally terrific July snowball fight . . . the lunch-stop at Skoki Lodge where our "class picture" was taken on both trips . . . the evening we returned bronzed and beaming from camp to civilization, and how strange we all looked in our city trappings!

Add to these the sound of thundering hooves and wildly clanking cowbells as the horses stampeded by the tepees in those early hours of the morning . . . the nearness of the stars when viewed through the aperture of a tepee . . . the hypnotic flicker of a dying campfire as you're dropping off to sleep . . . and you have the stuff trail ride dreams are made of.

Trail Ride Movie Seen By More than 600,000

Though our riding exploits are confined to a few weeks in the good old summertime, the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies ride the trails all year 'round—via the silver screen of television!

By mid-October no fewer than 600,000 had viewed the sound and color film, "Riding High" produced several years ago by the Canadian Pacific Railway's department of public relations.

Every aspect of trail ride activity comes to life again in the film, which has had excellent response in both Canada and the United States. And this is to be expected, inasmuch as the scenes were photographed "on the spot" during a recent trail ride camp.

The film has also created considerable interest in the association. This has been borne out by the numerous enquiries received by the secretary-treasurer in connection with our annual rides.

To give an idea of how extensively the film has been viewed in recent months, the department's motion picture bureau supervisor has tabulated these interesting statistics:

Station CKGN, North Bay, Ont., 7,000; CHEX, Peterborough, Ont., 21,000; CHSJ, Saint John, N.B., 25,000; WBTW, Florence, S.C., 80,000; KXLY, Spokane, Wash., 100,000; WBRE, Wilkes Barre, Pa., 50,000; WDBO, Orlando, Fla., 50,000; WPAG, Ann Arbor, Mich., 125,000; WKJG, Fort Wayne, Ind., 125,000; KQTV, Fort Dodge, Iowa, 50,000; KQVR, Fort Dodge, Iowa, 50,000.

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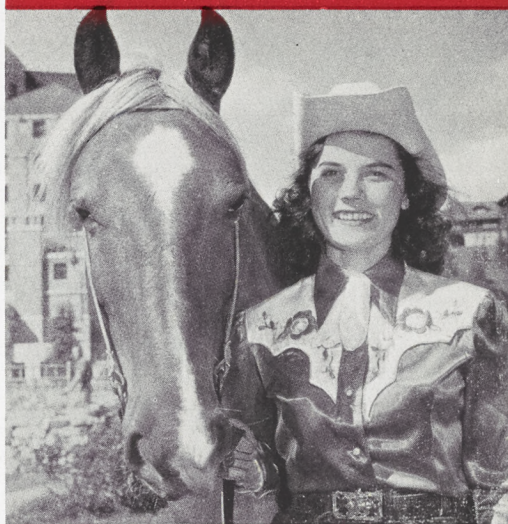
● Many of our fellow members, who were unable to share in the fun and good fellowship of last year's rides, were with us at least in spirit! This is testified by the numerous letters from our absent colleagues.

Here is what Keith Hoffmeyer, of Indianapolis, Ind., for example, has to say about it:

"We were in Michigan during your first ride. One night we sat around a huge fire on the beach, toasting wienies, drinking pop and singing. The moon came over the bluff and I thought — 'This same moon is shining on the trail ride sing-song tonight.'"

Keith figures it will be about 1960 before he can bring the wife, kiddies, Kenny and Janet, to the Rockies again. By that time both the youngsters should be ready for their initial try for the 50-mile button.

Knows Her Horses



Assisting at the corral at Chateau Lake Louise in the Canadian Rockies during the summer season was a happy experience for Nancy Lee Kuhl, of Ayr, Ont. In addition to her corral assignment, Nancy also assisted at the Chateau registration desk, and worked as a part time model for a photo company visiting the hotel. She is pictured above with her favorite mount.

A DRAMA OF THE SKIES

(Continued from page 14)

Meantime, arrangements were being speeded to prepare the patient for his aerial journey. Under the doctor's direction, he was carried by two cowboy buddies, acting as a human armchair, from the emergency tent to the waiting 'copter. Gentle hands lifted him into the glass-encased cabin where he was fastened securely in his safety belt. Then Jarroch himself climbed aboard and took the controls.

If there had been any doubt as to George's popularity with the girls, it was now dispelled for all time. As the aircraft's big blades commenced to rotate the comely young campers burst into a lively chorus of "Ragtime Cowboy George" a parody they had prepared in George's honor. And the singing and waving continued until the plane was just a small dot in the sky.

For the trail riders it was an unprecedented piece of drama. It also brought home full appreciation of the valuable role the 'copter can play when emergency strikes in remote areas. And it was also the occasion for the Association to express its sincere gratitude to Mr. Jarroch and the company he represented.

It also had its whimsical repercussions, as was testified by the remarks of one staff member. "It's the first time", he muttered, "that the entire camp turned out on time for breakfast!"

BLACK AND WHITE OR COLOR

We're Waiting for those Entries



CALLING all camera fans!

We're still waiting — waiting for those potential prizewinning photos you snapped on the trail rides of '56! And something else is waiting too — maybe for you. It's that big silver Townsend Trophy, awarded each year for the picture, which in the judges' eyes, qualifies for "Pic of the Year!"

A few entries have already been received. However, in view of the fine weather, fine scenery and legions of camera-toting trail riders at both camps, we suspect a good many are still holding out! And chances are good that one of these modest colleagues may hold the ultimate prizewinner.

Perhaps some have been distracted by that December 31st deadline as advertised in last year's summer edition. If so — Presto! It's been extended by authority vested in the secretary-treasurer to March 15th. Now there can be no deadline jitters. With the football season over, the Christmas rush behind us, and more leisurely evenings ahead, all should have time to study their '56 pictorial harvests and select the likeliest contenders.

Remember too that the field is, for the first time, open to color entries. These, as in the case of black and white entries, will be judged solely on their individual merits.

And the judges are as expert and as impartial a group of non-Trail Riders as you'd find anywhere!

Most of us have a general idea of the rules, but for the benefit of newcomers we'll review the situation again.

In the first place, any type of photo, taken with any kind of camera, by any member of the five-day or six-day trail rides of 1956, is eligible for entry. As stated previously, these can be finished in black and white or in color—even in 3-D if you prefer them that way! Photos will be judged on the basis of their subject, composition, originality and technical qualities. And remember, the sharper the print, the better it can be reproduced in the Bulletin.

After completing your selection, invent a *nomme-de-plume* and print same in block letters on reverse side of each entry. The same *nomme-de-plume* should be printed on a slip of paper along with the sender's bona fide name, and enclosed in a *sealed* envelope identified only by the *nomme-de-plume*. In this way, the contestant's name is kept a deep, dark secret until judging formalities are completed.

It also helps the editor — particularly if you happen to be the winner — when you identify the location, if it's a landscape shot, or the individuals if the

accent is on personalities. And don't forget, the winning photo is reproduced in page-width in the next issue of this magazine, along with a few notes on the winner's camera career. What's more, we'll send

(Continued on adjacent page)



Etched against a moonlit sky, horse, rider and tepee produce an effect midway between reality and fantasy. Silhouette in the saddle is Gwen Mayne. Photo represents more of the camera artistry of Johnny Kalina, official trail ride cameraman.

Skyline Trail Hikers Invite You to Join

★ ★ ★

Here's an invitation from your sister association, the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies—an invitation to join their annual five-day camp which next summer is scheduled for Saturday, July 27th through Wednesday, July 31st.

At the time of writing, the exact campsite is still the subject of debate. The secretary-treasurer, however, expects word imminently from the trail committee. Whatever the decision, you'll find it's worth waiting for!

A number of trail riders in the past have made a habit of taking the hike as a postscript to the ride, while a number hold office in both associations. Dates of the hike are arranged so as not to conflict with those of the rides, and vice-versa.

The "set-up" is much the same as on the rides. Only thing missing is the horses. And this is quite satisfactory from the standpoint of some riders who are all too ready to turn in their saddle sores for bunions.

You'll find a happy echo of the trail ride in the Trail Hikers' camp—those same tepees you slumbered in, the good fellowship of the evening campfire in the same old "Doughnut", the same tasty menu, with the accent on flapjacks, and the same zestful mountain ozone that puts new life into us on the ride!

WE'RE WAITING FOR ENTRIES

(Continued from adjacent page)

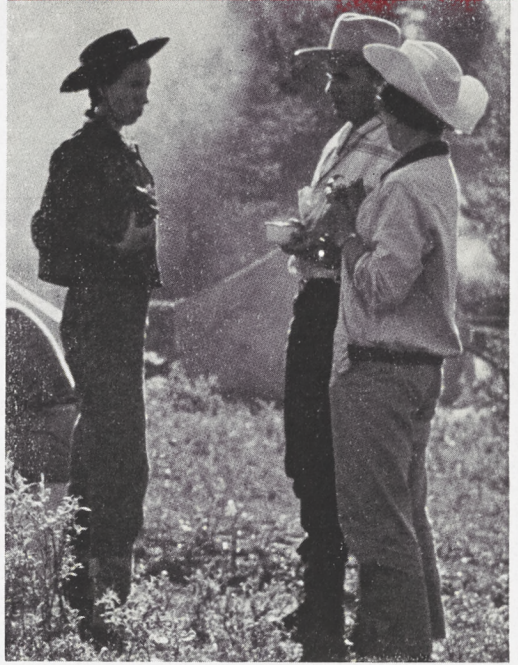
you a mounted enlargement, if you'll trust us with the negative.

The winner will also see his or her name inscribed on the big silver trophy which has displayed a winner every year since 1929. And for his own trophy room, there will be a smaller edition of the cup, featuring the winner's name and date of award.

Presentation of the Townsend Trophy, which is maintained the year 'round at Banff Springs Hotel, is made on the night of our annual pow-wow. If the winner happens to be absent, the trophy will be accepted by a volunteer member on the winner's behalf.

Last year, it was Wally Joyce of Toronto. Will the trophy remain in Wally's possession for another year? The next few weeks will tell.

The Mood Is Serious



The conversation gets serious for a change! At least it seems this way as three members of the six-day ride get together for a chin-wag. At left June Duncan listens to what Jim Barber has to say.

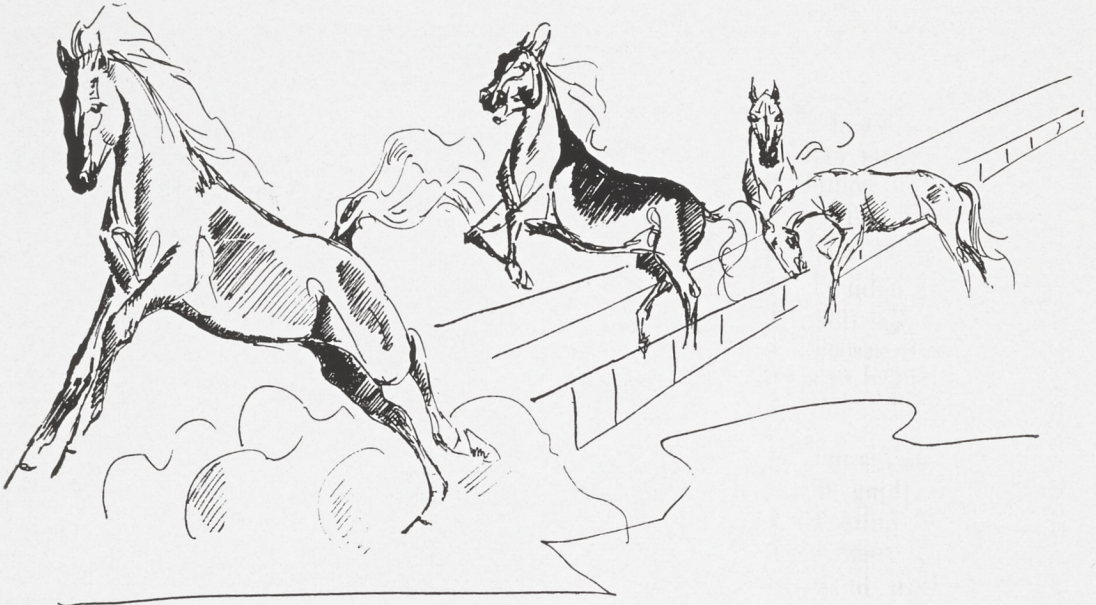
SEASON ENDS WITH POW-WOW

(Continued from page 22)

No pow-wow program would have been complete without a poem or two from "Uncle Ray" Bagley, who again was called upon to repeat his successful original recitations of the trail ride campfires. In this he again complied amid the same enthusiastic applause and demands for encore after encore.

The program concluded with votes of thanks to the National Parks Administration, the Canadian Pacific Railway and Banff Springs Hotel, to Claude and Bud Brewster, our outfitters, Howard Watkins, master of ceremonies, the musical man with the accordion, Spud Hromada, the Secretary-Treasurer, and others associated with the camp's operations.

As we pushed our way out through the big tent's exit, the gathering darkness dropped a hazy hint that summer would soon be heading for a fall. The air was nippy as we exchanged farewell handshakes and avowed pledges to be back on the trails next summer. The Doughnut stood lonely and deserted. The groups outside thinned. It was "curtains" for a truly wonderful show and an equally wonderful season.



POETRY OF MOTION — The amazing artistry of a young trail ride fan is shown to striking effect in this lifelike sketch of the prancing horses. The pen and ink drawing, which fairly pulsates with vim and vigorous motion, was completed within a matter of minutes by 17-year-old Wilma Norman, of Valois, Que., whose collection of sketches and paintings would do justice to an artist many times her senior.

A 1955 art student at Banff School of Fine Arts, where one of her works was exhibited, Miss Norman has captured, in the above drawing, the series of motions, character and expressions of her favorite subject with amazing accuracy.

We also feel that Wilma has caught the mood of our trail ride horses minutes after the unsaddling job has been completed—and just before the initial roll!

Twass Thus Alberta Grew

By RAY BAGLEY

My father's folk were pioneers,
My mother's, the same —
To live one had to persevere,
Live off the country's game.
Behind each stump an Injun lurked,
A scalp lock for his gain.
And woe betide the one who strayed
Far from the wagon train.

Hardy folk those pioneers,
Their wants they were but few;
A home, a place to rear their young,
A place of worship too.
Courageous, they who journeyed west
Towards the setting sun;
Vigilance the price of life,
The same to everyone.

They had their dreams those pioneers
Of better thing in store,
Nor thought their lives were sacrificed
When death was at the door.
We, who reaped the heritage
Would they be proud to know?
Would they deem us weaklings
Because we grumble so?

Little did they wot
How great this land they won
Content to dwell in freedom,
They laid aside the gun;
They pushed the bush back from the trail
Their plows upturned the sod,
And the golden grain was waving
Where the buffalo had trod.

Towns sprang up and cities grew
Where the towns foundations lay,
Along the streams and the travois trails
Of the red man's day.
Little towns with growing pains
Bursting at the seams.
Now pay the debts of yesterday
And finance tomorrow's dreams.

Men of vision guard the trust,
This land so much desired
To whom much is given
The more will be required.
God gave stout hearts to the pioneers,
Their legacy to you.
Change and progress, hand in hand
Twass thus Alberta grew.

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '56 •

Five-Day Ride:

ALGER, Ross P., 735 — 8th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 ARENDS, Miss Elizabeth, 5612 — 104 St., Edmonton, Alta.
 BAKGAARD, Christian B., 539 — 21st Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 BAKGAARD, Mrs. Christian B., 539 — 21st Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 BERGETTE, Russ G., Eureka, Montana.
 BOLEBEC, Miss Betty, 1035 West 14th Ave., Vancouver 9, B.C.
 CLARKE, Miss Marg. E., 2838 West 38th Ave., Vancouver 13, B.C.
 CONGER, Miss Joan, Hidden Glen, Meadowbrook, Pa.
 COOK, Mrs. Ada A., 10143 Clifton Place, Edmonton, Alta.
 COOK, Miss Margaret, 10143 Clifton Place, Edmonton, Alta.
 COOPER, Miss Elizabeth, 3402 Farragat Ave., Kensington, Md.
 CROWTHERS, Miss Bonnie, 50 Chews Landing Rd., Haddonfield, N.J.
 DAVIS, Miss Sandi, Laurel Lane, Haverford, Pa.
 FENNELL, Keith, 1043 Alder St., Eugene, Ore.
 FERRIS, Mrs. Ella, Eureka, Montana.
 FINE, Miss Evelyn, 3402 Farragat Ave., Kensington, Md.
 FIRTH, Miss Kathy, 432 Clement Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.
 FISHER, John, 11 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.
 FISHER, John, Jr., 11 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.
 FISHER, Miss Suellen, 313 Wellington Terrace, Jenkintown, Pa.
 FONTIJN, Dr. Arthur, 1102 Colony St., Saskatoon, Sask.
 FOSTER, Dr. W. M., 56 McLean Ave., Detroit 3, Mich.
 FOSTER, Mrs. W. M., 56 McLean Ave., Detroit 3, Mich.
 FOSTER, Miss Janet L., 56 McLean Ave., Detroit 3, Mich.
 FOSTER, Miss Georgiana E., 56 McLean Ave., Detroit 3, Mich.
 GWINN, Miss Nancy, Monk Rd., Gladwyne, Pa.
 GWYNN, Mike, Eureka, Montana.
 HARRISON, Miss Sally, Anton Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.
 HARRISON, Miss Tunia, Anton Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.
 HARTUNG, Miss Vicki, Box 57, Hatboro, Pa.
 JOYCE, Wallace R., 306 Rose Park Dr., Toronto, Ont.
 KALINA, John E., 7536 De La Roche St., Montreal, Que.
 LEITH, Miss Janet, Golf House Rd., Haverford, Pa.
 LOTZ, Miss Barbara, 1222 Wakeling St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 MICKLE, Miss Vanna, 1311 — 19th St. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
 MUDRY, Dr. Walter, 632 — 16th Ave. N.W., Calgary, Alta.
 NICHOLS, Graham, 3491 Atwater Ave., Apt. 32, Montreal 25, Que.
 OSTHEIMER, Miss Martha, "Grimmet", Whitford, Pa.
 PRATT, Miss Lucy, 509 Norristown Rd., R.D.1, Hatboro, Pa.
 RICHARDS, C. A., 508 — 15th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 RICHARDS, Miss Patricia, Woodley, Mt. Moro Rd., Villanova, Pa.
 RONAGHAN, Miss Georgina, Box 881, Creston, B.C.
 ROUND, F. W. E., 9391-A — 85 St., Edmonton, Alta.
 SABIN, Frank E., Eureka, Montana.
 SCHAFFER, Miss Lisa, 55 Rumford St., West Hartford, Conn.
 SITNECK, Miss Ann, 7311 Elbow Lane, Philadelphia, Pa.
 SMITH, Miss E. G., 121 Township Line, Jenkintown, Pa.
 STEVENSON, Stanley R., Vida, Oregon.
 STEVENSON, William A., 1533 Moss St., Eugene, Ore.
 TAPLEY, Jack, Sackville, N.B.
 TAPLEY, Peter, Sackville, N.B.
 TYSON, Miss Debby, Bean Rd., Norristown, R.D.3, Pa.
 WADSWORTH, Miss Cornelia, 1170 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.
 WALKER, Miss Sally, 911 Crosswicks Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.
 WEAVER, Miss Shani, 202 Runnymede St., Jenkintown, Pa.
 WRIGGINS, Miss Ginny, Hidden Glen, Meadowbrook, Pa.

• ON THE CAVALCADE OF '56 •

Six-Day Ride:

ADAMS, Mrs. D. T., 10 Willow Crescent, Calgary, Alta.
 ARENDS, Miss Elizabeth, 5612 — 104 St., Edmonton, Alta.
 BAGLEY, Ray, Crowsnest Ranch, Coleman, Alta.
 BARBER, Jim, 1406 — 3rd St. E., Calgary, Alta.
 BARDWELL, W. U., 655 Grove Ave., Barrington, Ill.
 BASSETT, Miss Elsie, 346 Woodlawn St., St. James, Man.
 BELL, Miss Margaret S., 611 Spadina Ave., Apt. 16, Toronto, Ont.
 BENDIXEN, Miss Bette, 503 Beloit Ave., Berkeley, Cal.
 BURLES, Mrs. W. R., Bar C Ranch, Cochrane, Alta.
 CALHOUN, Harold F., Tappen, B.C.
 CALHOUN, Miss Joyce, Tranquille, B.C.
 CARSON, Miss Ella, Tranquille, B.C.
 CLARK, Miss Emily, Tranquille, B.C.
 CLIFFORD, Miss Melene, Langley Hospital, Langley, B.C.
 CLIFTON, Mrs. Jane G., 7038 Los Tilos Rd., Hollywood 28, Cal.
 CROTTTS, Lamar M., P.O. Box 297, Ellisville, Miss.
 DIVERTY, Marshall H., 22 Euclid St., Woodbury, N.J.
 DOUGLAS, Charles, 2001 — 23rd St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 DOUGLAS, Mrs. Charles, 2001 — 23rd St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 DUNCAN, Miss June, 501 Sunderland Ave., Calgary, Alta.
 DUNN, Chas. M., 2721 McCallum St., Regina, Sask.
 ENSOR, Miss Joan H., 59 Aurora St., Waterbury, Conn.
 FAZACKERLEY, Miss Marjorie, 10935 — 82 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 FREEBURG, Miss Ruth J., 706 River Lane, Box 807, Anoka, Minn.
 FRISCHMAN, Miss L., 5666 No. Highway 8, New Brighton 12, Minn.
 FUERST, Mrs. W. A., 5449 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.
 FULTON, Miss F. L., 2668 S. Orchard, Los Angeles 7, Cal.
 GILLIES, Miss Suzanne, 11006 — 89 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 GINGLES, Miss Agnes J., 1604 — 10th St. W., Calgary, Alta.
 HARRIS, Miss B. A., 125 Handsart Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg 9, Man.
 HEADLEY, Miss Bridget, Olds, Alta.
 HOGAN, Miss B. J., 1620 Selkirk Ave., Apt. 5, Montreal, Que.
 HROMADA, Albert, Nacmine, Drumheller, Alta.
 JACKINS, Miss Margot C., c/o Imperial Oil, Ltd., Dawson Creek, B.C.
 JEFFREY, Miss Beryl T., c/o Imperial Oil, Ltd., Dawson Creek, B.C.
 KALINA, John E., 7536 De La Roche St., Montreal, Que.
 KNIGHT, Miss Ethel, P.O. Box No. 148, Banff, Alta.
 LEISHMAN, Dr. J. D., 802 Medical Dental Bldg., Regina, Sask.
 LEISHMAN, David, 802 Medical Dental Bldg., Regina, Sask.
 MAYNE, Miss T. Gwen, 180 Roslyn Rd., Winnipeg, Man.
 MOODY, Miss Eva, Tranquille, B.C.
 MUIRHEAD, Dr. Dorothy I., Hastings, Minn.
 MCCARTHY, Miss Kathleen, 109 El Mirador Apts., Edmonton, Alta.
 McIVER, Jack H., Two Hills, Alta.
 NATTRASS, Mrs. F. C., 1702 — 23rd St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 NEELANDS, Hamilton, 10043 — 89 Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
 NICHOLS, Graham, 3491 Atwater Ave., Apt. 32, Montreal 25, Que.
 PRIESTLEY, Mrs. Elizabeth, Lot 3, Foxgrove Ave., R.R. 3, Winnipeg, Man.
 REYNOLDS, Miss Gail, Clive, Alta.
 REYNOLDS, E. L., Clive, Alta.
 RILEY, Mrs. R. C., 323 — 38th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 RILEY, Charles C., 323 — 38th Ave., S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 ROBINSON, Mrs. Berniece, 211 — 39th Ave. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 SCHWERDFEGER, Miss Phoebe, Tranquille, B.C.
 SHAFTO, Dr. C. M., 123 — 26th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 SHAFTO, Mrs. C. M., 123 — 26th Ave. W., Calgary, Alta.
 SMALE, Miss Donna, 137 Handsart Blvd., Tuxedo, Winnipeg 9, Man.
 SMITH, C. M., 2368 Bellevue Ave., West Vancouver, B.C.
 STIVERS, C. L., Hart Rd., Barrington, Ill.
 STOYE, Miss Irmgard, 1702 — 23rd St. S.W., Calgary, Alta.
 THOMSON, Miss Elaine M., 3010 Westmount Blvd., Apt. A-41, Montreal, Que.
 WATKINS, Howard, 1617 Summer St., Calgary, Alta.
 WEBB, J. B., 2905 Carleton St., Calgary, Alta.
 WEBB, Miss Sylvia, 2905 Carleton St., Calgary, Alta.
 WOLFENDEN, Mrs. Louise C., 175 Lyndhurst Ave., Toronto 10, Ont.
 WOOLLEY, Miss Ruth, 38 Curtis Ave., Woodbury, N.J.
 ZICKERMAN, Miss Ruth, Ste 10, Theodora Apts., 540 Maryland St., Winnipeg 10, Man.

The Show Must Go On! — (Continued from page 21)

demonstrated on the evening of July 24, when a select cast, drawn from the rank and file of the "long ride", staged a 12-act variety show that ran the gamut from comedy to tragedy—sometimes the two being indistinguishable.

The great advances to be made by the medical profession between now and the turn of the century were suggested—to a somewhat startling degree—to when the curtain rose on the first act, entitled "Molar Creek—1999".

The scene was Dr. Shafto's office, with Dr. J. D. Leishman, playing the role of tomorrow's medic. And in the midst of a scary assortment of surgical instruments lay the hapless patient, played by Charlie Dunn to represent Bud Brewster some 40 years hence. Answering the call for scalpels, sutures and carving knives, etc., were two vigilant "nurses" played by Charles Riley and Dave Leishman.

Models star in fashion show

The third act opened to the stirring strains of "Easter Parade" with Donna Smale occupying the spotlight. The parade, of course, was part of a fashion show, though for just what season was anybody's guess. And sporting the fine fashions—in the finest trail ride manner—were models Barbara Ann Harris, Elaine Thomson and Gwen Mayne.

Far from sleepy were the "Tepee Time Gals"—Beryl Jeffrey, Margot Jackins and Gail Reynolds—who ushered in Act IV. With a witty parody on the popular song of approximately the same title, the comely trio won new laurels in the harmony department.

The next act featured another all-girl cast, billed as the Coquettes (or maybe it was the "croquettes") who added a further dash of spice and comedy to the program. And so, it was orchids to the following lovelies making up the cast: June Duncan, Sylvia Webb, Ellen Adams and Joan Ensor.

It was the Pipestone Piperettes who captured the show in the next act. Under the expert baton of Cliff Stivers—a past master in the art of conducting—this talented trio of songsters gave a truly sweet rendition of such old favorites as "Now is the Hour" and "Shine on Me."

Basking in the glow of the campfire, as well as in the warmth of audience appreciation, the singers composing the trio were Beryl Jeffrey, Margot Jackins and Marjorie Fazackerley. The Pipestone Piperettes were really terrific.

Gail Reynolds ballet queen

Members of the audience who recalled Gail Reynolds dancing on the ride of 1951 expected something extra special when she appeared on stage for an act billed as "Russian Dance". But when Gail went into her act, they watched spellbound!

Despite the rough and undulating stage floor, the graceful bare-footed danseuse tripped and pirouetted through her number to the lively strains of the accordian. The flickering flames of the campfire added an effective touch to the atmosphere.

Complying with demands for an encore, Gail again delighted the audience with another display of campfire ballet. And still they wanted more. Again she complied, this time at the conclusion of the program.

Introduced as a trio of gentlemen (using the term loosely the emcee added) the Molar Mountain Masticators really did a good job of massaging their song selection! Their method of massacre consisted of singing the number in close harmony—but not quite close enough to the real thing! In other words, each of the parts was just a fraction off

key . . . like unto cats howling on the back fence. The deviation, of course, was intentional and the audience howled too—in appreciation.

Guilty of the massacre, the masticators were Lamar Crotts, Mr. Reynolds and Jim Barber. Bridget Headley had the dubious honor of directing this original trio.

Shades of Bridey Murphy haunted the eighth act, entitled "A Case in Point", starring Betty Arends, Elsie Bassett and Ruth Zickerman. Though the plot was something similar to the Bridey Murphy theme, the above mentioned trio had far more glamorous scenes to recall—at least from the trail ride standpoint.

These included such fleeting flashbacks as the famous Calhoun dunking at Red Deer Lake (see page 10), the magnificent Molar, and Pipestone River. And, of course, no vision would be complete without Gunsight.

Also in the supernatural vein was the next act, "Ghost Riders of the Trail Ride", with Howard Watkins and Bette Bendixen heading the ghostly cast. The skit was built around the song, "Ghost Riders in the Sky", and tailored to trail ride measurements.

Another talented threesome won a big hand from the audience in the act that followed. Billed as the Hector Mountain Trio, the three singing stars, Agnes Gingles, Ella Carson and Emily Clark, were spruced up in the trail ride equivalent of a Hawaiian grass skirt—with spruce boughs substituting for grass.

No encores in script

Theme song of this side-splitting bit of drama was "Just a Little Cowgirl". Also in the act was a hilarious epilogue in which the grass-skirted lovelies tripped over to the sidelines and bestowed leis on two lucky members of the audience. The two requested an encore, but it wasn't in the script.

Our perennial favorite, Ray Bagley, was next on stage with another quota of popular poems, all the product of Ray's own fertile pen. As was the case during the previous ride, Ray's rendition of such favorites as "The Bulgy Squaw" and "The Rancher's Daughter" drew prolonged applause from the audience.

The pages of trail ride history were flipped back some 12 years when Marshall Diverty scored with a notable flashback concerning the camp of that year. The year was 1944, the place stormy Eohippus, and the scene—some 15 shivering, choking trail riders, jammed into the one and only tepee to arrive in camp.

It seems that one member had contracted a somewhat severe case of bronchitis and many believed he was not too long for this world. This inspired another occupant of the tepee to organize a lottery based on the particular hour the patient would expire. He even attempted, Marshall recalled, to sell a ticket to the intended victim, who fooled everyone and survived.

Bill Bardwell proffered votes of thanks to those actively connected with the camp's operations. He paid special tribute to certain association officers, as well as to Jerry Lister, local parks warden.

The star-studded, fun-filled program ended in traditional fashion with the cowboys going into their dance—with two Stoney specials, The Chicken Dance and the Owl Dance. Accompaniment was provided by colleagues who beat out warlike rhythms on upended wash tubs. And as the dance gathered increasing frenzy, the braves gathered up the pale-face squaws and danced well into the night.



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